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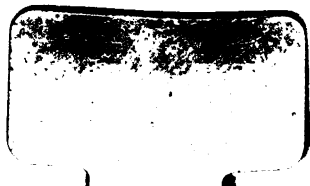
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1. Poetry (American).



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(Balkin)

HARVEST-HOME.



5th RD
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HARVEST-HOME

X

BY
SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY

AUTHOR OF
"PRÉMIÈRES," "SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON," "THE CHAPEL,"
"KING ARTHUR IN AVALON," ETC.

*Neque te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus.*

HORACE.

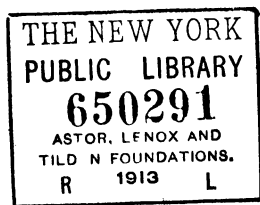
*It is too late! — Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate. . . .
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light.*

LONGFELLOW.

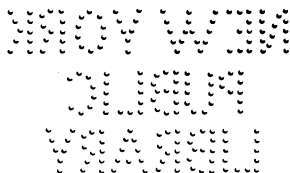
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BOSTON
W. B. CLARKE COMPANY
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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

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★ PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY. SEP 2 - 1913

TO
GEORGINA LOWELL PUTNAM
AND
GEORGINA LOWELL

THESE POEMS ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

RECEIVED
PUBLISHERS
WEEKLY

ROY WEN
CLUB
VIA RAIL

PREFACE.

MANY of these pieces have already appeared in my previous volumes.

For the sake of frankness, I must state that some of them are not without poetical license. Especially I warn the reader against looking into them too closely for my autobiography. I would rather offer them as mouth-pieces for "The Voiceless."

The illustrations are from "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," by Samuel Adams Drake. For kind permission to make use of them, my grateful acknowledgments are due to the proprietor and to Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company.



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ODE ON MORTALITY.

[From Wordsworth, amended by an "advanced (?) Thinker."]

OUR birth is but a dream and a forgetting;
The Dust that rises with us, our life's
Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor wanting a fur travelling-dress,
But trailing tails of monkeys, do we come
From Protoplasm, our home.

Menageries lie about our infancy.

We are not what we were primordially.

The laws of Evolution

Work out much queer confusion.

At length the Man, the soulless child of clay,
Stands winking at the "new light" of the day.

POTAGE AUX PANTOUFLES.

A FABLE.

TO the mighty king of France,
Did the royal cook advance;
And he louted low and said, "To his liege sinner,
Please his majesty declare
Whether I shall dress a hare,
Dodo, unicorn, or phoenix, for his dinner?"

With a glance that thrilled with awe,
Quoth that haughty monarch, "Pshaw!
What care I? Dress what you will,—dress my
old slippers."—

And the cook quaked, and withdrew
Straight his roasting-jacks unto,
His spits, and eke his dredging-box and dippers;

And his majesty of France
Hence betook him to the dance,
To the "stately pavon and the swift coranto,"

Then, forspent with whirl and hop,
Bade the breathless minstrels stop,
While the regal board, with hungry strides, he
ran to:

“Haste, what ho, my varlets all!
For the tarrying banquet call,”
So he called; and so they called, and served
him rarely.

“Now, what is this goodly stuff?
Can I ever get enough?
Help me, pantler, — yet again, — and not too
sparely.

“Ye, my courtiers, have a care,
How ye taste the same, beware;
For it might not suit a stomach less than
royal,
Being fitted for a king.
Hie, ye knaves, and forthwith bring
To the presence here, my cook so true and
loyal.

“Cook,” he thickly as he ate
Cried, “what is this dainty cate,
That ’s so savoury, so luscious, and so tender?
In what market was it bought?”
“Please your grace, ’t was only wrought
Of the slippers that you deignèd to surrender,”

Spake the *chef*, with modest pride.
Not in vain his best he tried,
For his sovereign long his praises went repeating;
But it was his own good will,
Sauces, spices, taste and skill,
Which made all that in that dish was worth
the eating.

MORAL.

Thus, O generous Mr.
With your [metaphoric] lute,
Don’t you sometimes make a song that is de-
licious
Of what others have thrown off, —
Pray, don’t think I mean to scoff, —
Of a substance that may be a *wee* suspicious?

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By *LE JUSTE MILIEU*.

And with new notions, — let me change the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

KING JAMIE the First, of the whimsical
memory,
Complained, when he sat on the high seat of
judgment, he
Was confused in his wits if compellèd to hear
Both sides at a law-suit, though naught could
appear,
While the first pleader pleaded, more lucidly
clear.

And thus it is still with our questions and
causes,
Our rights and our wrongs and our measures and
lawses.

Why, it never would be half so hard to decide
If the rights and the wrongs would each stay
on one side;
But, instead of their keeping in separate order,
They are jumping pell-mell o'er their vanishing
border
To mix themselves up! Then along comes the
demagogue
Primed ready for mischief; and finding all them
agog,
And good folks *vis-à-vis*, he contends for their
votes,
And sets them to fly at each other's loud
throats.
Then ill blood will flow; and, with much elocution,
We are started to march towards a French
Revolution.

It strikes me, I own, that some masters are
kind,
Some workmen, alas! somewhat murderous in
mind.

If "machines" do not grind out the right sort
of stuff,
I cannot quite see how it should be enough
To poke "a big stick" in the wheels; if they fly,
"Employees," with employers, are likely to die.
Strong heads are much needed as well as strong
hands,
That business may thrive in all civilized lands;
And "Capital" saves us from many a disaster,
A very good servant, although a bad master.

But if, like our poor puzzled king, we must look
On opposite leaves in perplexed Justice's book,
Ought not worthy millers to lay it to heart
That their hirelings in welfare with them may
have part,
Their neighbours, their brethren? What saith
Holy Writ? —
"Oppress not a stranger." — Oh, were it not fit,
While you care for your horse and your dog,
that your men
Should sleep in a place that is more than a den,

That their children should bloom and their
wives should look glad,
And a very magnanimous strife should be had,
Not only whose stocks shall "pay up the best
dividen's,"
But whose people shall be the best kept, — the
best citizens? —

THE FIFER AND DRUMMER OF
SCITUATE.

“**A**BBY, Abby, they ’re a-comin’!”

“Who’s a-comin’? — What’s to do?” —

“Oh, the British! An’ there ain’t a soul to
home but me an’ you!

Job’s gone courtin’. Noah’s a-fishin’. All the
neighbours be afar.

Peep; — they’re two great boat-loads, rowin’
for our corn-ships at the bar!

When they’ve took ’em, — what’s to hender?
— don’t you s’pose they’ll come right
down, —

Pike an’ gun an’ blood an’ murder, — here an’
rob an’ burn the town?”

“No, I don’t, — not ef I’m spared; an’ don’t
you have a chicken-heart.

Le’ me think; an’ then I’ll tell ye. Then we
both must play our part.

10 *THE FIFER AND DRUMMER OF SCITUATE.*

Becky, all we've ever got to mind, is jest to do
our best.

When it's done, we never needs to fear to leave
to God the rest.

Nobody can't die but once; an' ef our own turn
comes to-day,

Let it find us at our dooty, an' then find us when
it may.

Though their swellin' hearts be mighty, —
though each comes like ten times ten, —

Say your prayers, an' jest remember Englishmen
ain't naught but men. —

I'll run round an' lock the house up; an' you
scamper for your life

Up the garret-stairs an' fetch us, to the barn,
the drum an' fife.

Make believe we're the milishy comin'; girls be
good as boys —

For some things, — folks need n't tell me, —
jest as good to make a noise."

Becky scampers. Abby fastens door and win-
dow breathlessly,

In her hurry puts the kitten in her pocket with
the key,
Calls the dog, and drives the cow in from her
pasture, green and soft,
To her stall, and, dragging Becky, scrambles up
into the loft,
Opens wide the great barn-window, seizes on her
father's drum,
Cries, "You keep the fife, dear Becky, — *that's*
right, — sound like kingdom come!
Think you've got the trump that Gideon blew
against the heathen host,
When the Lord's sword conquered Midian an'
their princes' heads were lost.
Won't the British lose their heads too? —
Mebbe, if we keep our own."
While she chatters, she is drumming till the
grumbling roof doth groan.

"Yankee Doodle," — "Hail, Columbia!" —
pealed with many a deafening bout;
Like a cherub's on a tomb-stone, Becky's dim-
pled cheeks puffed out;

Abby's hazel eyes flashed lightning as her rapid sticks she plied.

Marching still and countermarching to and fro,
from side to side,

O'er the soft gray hills and valleys of the clover-scented hay,

Sounding like an army coming, up and down,
from far away,

Now through rich brown shadows went they,
— lovely, lively Yankee girls, —

Now an elm let stealthy sunlight in on fair and chestnut curls.

Fifing, drumming, panting, stumbling, half in fright and half in fun,

When they dared to reconnoitre, then they saw the British run:

"Now 'The Rogue's March,' little sister, —
louder! — louder! — let us play, —

One more pootty piece of music jest to speed 'em on their way."

When the Sunset's gold and amber, wrought
upon the cobwebbed gloom

Of the straw-hung old barn-chamber, made it
 seem a tap'stried room,
And their "folks" came home, each rafter o'er
 each little merry head
Rang with peals of girlish laughter as they both
 looked down and said,
"Brother, uncle, father, welcome! But a little
 late you're come;
Scituate would now be taken, but for us, — an'
 fife an' drum!"

Straight men knew the situation, ran the
 rescued ships to see,
Thronged the barn-yard then and, shouting,
 gave the damsels three times three,
Wild with mirth; and ever after, — oft as
 "General-training Day"
Called the gallant lads of Scituate from the field
 and forge away, —
'Neath the farm-house' twilight windows, fife
 and drum were duly played
To those gallant maids of Scituate in memorial
 serenade.

A FANTASY.

ON a day, as it befell,
I was going to a well;
And my bucket was of gold.
Down in living waters cold
Deep it sank; and lo! came up,
In its stead, a drinking-cup
All with sparkling jewels set, —
How I wish I had it yet! —
But a thief in ambush lay,
That stole it unawares away.

Do ye ask me, how was this? —
Childhood was my golden bliss,
Youth, my goblet, rich, and rife,
With the sweetest draughts of life.
Time it was that stole my store
And left me mourning evermore.

EVANISHING.

SEEST thou joys? — They will not stay.
Sorrows? — They shall pass away.

Snatch the joys; for they anon,
With thy sorrows, will be gone.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

IN a three-hilled town, of late,
Lived Miss Clara Venable
'Mid the saints and sinners all,
She was most respectable,
Paid her visits and her bills,
Always wore a modish bonnet;
Every grand subscription-list
Bore her honoured name upon it.
Death took Clara out to walk.
(Solemnly was tolled her knell.)
Where the many mansions stand,
She must find a place to dwell.
Soon a castle fair was seen.
"Oh, is that for me?" she said;
""T would be very suitable."
But Death sadly shook his head:

"That's the Good Samaritan's.

Hast thou ever heard of him?"

"So I think, — some time in church,

In a legend old and dim.

"Did he not a stranger aid, —

(Probably the worse for sin,) —

And his charges pay o'er-night,

In a very third-rate inn,

"Give a little oil and wine,

Money, — twopence at the most, —

And commend him, going away,

To the mercies of the host?

"But yon palace?" "That belongs

To a Jewish widow. She

Once two mites, — one farthing, — cast

In the Temple's treasury."

Clara smiled: "An offering

Somewhat small, — no doubt well meant."

"Love thrown in," said Death, "it drew

Many a myriad-fold *per cent*

"In the Bank of Heaven." She laughed,
"Such are their returns? Then mine, —
Rich and liberal as I've been, —
Must be something wondrous fine!

"Hasten!" Death led on and on,
Till to her dismay he came
Down a low and crowded street,
Stopped, and pointed to her name.

"No!" she shrieked, "It cannot be! —
On that mean and sagging door!"
But he oped, and put her in.
Well nigh sank she to the floor.

But there was a wooden chair,
Which, in happier days, would rock;
Though one rocker now was gone,
It sustained her 'neath the shock.

When she found the strength to rise,
Prowling, like a home-sick cat
In a garret, through the rooms,
Here a much dishevelled hat,

Hanging on a peg, she saw;
Faded, thread-bare robes were there,
Scraps of carpet moth-eaten,
And some cracked, chipped crockery-ware,

Granted to her neighbours' needs
In the years gone by; the larder
Boasted sundry crusts of bread,
And some plates of bones scarce harder.

Clara groaned aloud, and sobbed,
As she wrung her empty palms,
"Have I—have I—gained no more,
By so many a bounteous alms!

"Did I not my thousands give?"
"Ay, indeed," said Death; "but then
All thy costly works were wrought
Only 'to be seen of men.'"

A MODERN BRIAREUS.

“**W**HAT! More to do?” growls Neighbour Sands;

“I wish I had two pair of hands.”

Good neighbour, no more members crave;
But duly use what hands you have;
Two hands your honest bread to earn;
Two hands dishonest gains to spurn;
Two hands your vote to cast aright;
Two hands to hold your honour tight;
Two hands to part a senseless brawl,
Or save a weakling from a fall;
Two hands to slip a stealthy alms
Between a widow's toil-worn palms;
Two hands to clear your wheat from tares;
Two hands to lift in holy prayers;
Two hands to lay, 'mid pain or loss,
In faith upon a Saviour's cross;

Two hands to knock, when life is past,
At heaven's high gate, nor find it fast.

SHADOWS.

Shadows we are; and shadows we pursue.

EDMUND BURKE.

WHAT are the shadows gray that stalk,
Mimicking men in their daily walk?

We hear them not, feel not, nor long we see, —
Are they the ghosts that the men shall be? —
Each idly glides to some darkling door,
To vanish there, and appear no more. —
Do they hide away in the grave and night,
With their shady fellows to sleep or fight?

We shall go after our shadows soon,
No more to be seen by night or noon.
Like them shall we go, and leave no trace
On this earth where we ran our mortal race?
Can our perishing hands find no work to do? —
Our lips no utterances brave and true? —
May our flitting motions weave no web
Of noble deeds, that shall long be left,

A legacy rich, from our life outworn,
To the coming souls that shall still be born?
When we hie to Death's open green-room door,
Shall we quite go out, and our act be o'er?

Oh, brother men, when your shadows you see,
Think: How much is my shadow like to me?

A PRUNED BRANCH.

He purgeth [*i. e.* pruneth] it.

ST. JOHN xv. 2.

“**M**Y raiment is all of the purple pall,
And the linen so fair and fine;
And I eat the fat, and I drink the sweet,
Whether I sup or dine.

“The world smiles on me where’er I go,
For its livery gay I wear;
And I echo its laugh, to cover up
The moan of a deep despair.

“The mid-day sun shines cold on me,
And my heart is a lump of lead;
For the joy of my youth is fled from me,
And the friends of my youth are dead.”

“Oh, lift up thy burden of lead, poor soul,
At thy Saviour’s feet to lay!
Cast down there thy leaden load, brave soul,
And, lightened, go on thy way.

“Why waste thy care on a cureless grief?
Turn with others’ griefs to deal;
Others have wounds, as deep as thine,
Which thou hast the power to heal.

“Haste, for thy sun will soon go down
The golden stairs of the sky;
What matters though life were glad or sad,
When thy turn doth come to die?

“Teach the widow’s heart to sing for joy,
And the orphan’s tears to dry;
And flash on the gloom of the prisoner’s cell,
With news from his house on high.

“Haste, for thy day will soon run down
The stairs of the sunset west;
And the sexton’s spade shall the cool green sods
Smooth over thy soothed, still breast.

“Thou wilt thrill with the joy of a deathless
youth,
When thy loved and thy lost ones come,

Rushing to meet thy footsteps fleet,
At the door of thy Father's home;

“And, thankful for pruning which brought
forth fruit,
Thou before thy Lord shalt stand,
And lay thy fruit at the Pruner's feet,
With a kiss on the Pruner's hand.”

THE PROCESSION OF THE DAYS.

SUNNY Days, stormy Days,
Laughing Days, tearful Days,
They lead us on the common ways,
Where we've often been before;
Some time to return no more.
They are leading you and me
Onward, where we cannot see.
Dost thou mark, O neighbour mine,
They are a funeral train? 'T is thine,
His and hers and ours. Together
They bear us through all kinds of weather,
Keeping pace, unto one goal,
Where the body leaves the soul.
Ceaseless is their march and steady,
Whether we, or not, be ready.
Somewhere, out of sight from here, —
There waits the coffin, and the bier.

And beyond? — What waits us then,
When no longer breathing men? —

Then may He Who, always calling,
Still can keep us safe from falling,
With a rapturous welcome greet
Us before His mercy-seat,
Without spot or blemish bring,
And present to God, our King.

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands of
Time,
Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father on Thy throne sublime,
Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek Thee, I have yet to learn,
Come down and lead me.
Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine
And might undo me,
Give, from Thy treasure-house of goods divine,
Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,
Do not forsake me.
To climb into Thine arms, I am too low, —
O Father, take me!

THE DOORS OF THE PAST.

IN the Past's dark house, there are many
black doors,
With *spring-locks* and never a key.
Beware lest one shut on a wrong unrepaired
'Twixt a soul that thou lovest and thee.

There are children there, calling in wild despair
On parents and calling in vain, —
On fathers whose hearts bound not for joy
At the sound of their voices again, —

On mothers who used to listen and long
For the tread of their truant feet,
To give them such welcomes as now nevermore
Their belated returns regret.

There are husbands crying for brides and wives,
With their tears undried gone in,
Bequeathing to them, — oh, legacy drear! —
All the ruth of the "*Might Have Been.*"

There friends are seeking friends, ill-repaid,
Out of hearing of penitent speech;
And Dives gropes, in his burning pangs,
After Lazarus out of his reach. —

Christ, — Saviour, — Who, denied with an oath,
To Thy servant in woe gave three
Blest chances to pour from his bursting breast
The true love that he bore to Thee, —

Walk through the glooms of those haunted rooms,
With that helpless, agonized band,
And ope all those iron doors at last,
With Thy pierced, omnipotent hand!

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

O'ER waves that murmur ever nigh
My window opening toward the deep,
The light-house with its wakeful eye
Looks into mine, that shuts to sleep.

I lose myself in idle dreams,
And wake in smiles or tears or fright,
According to my visions' themes,
And see it shining in the night,

Forever there and still the same;
While many more besides me mark, —
On various course, with various aim, —
That light which shineth in the dark.

It draws my heart towards those who roam
Unknown, nor to be known, by me;
I see it and am glad, at home,
They see it and are safe at sea.

On slumberous, thus, or watching eyes,
It shines through all the dangerous night;
Until at length the day doth rise,
And light is swallowed up of light.

Light of the World, incarnate Word,
So shin'st Thou through our night of time,
Whom freemen love to call their Lord, —
O beacon steadfast and sublime!

In temporal things, — grief, joy, or care, —
Enrapt, we dream, but turn to Thee,
And straightway where and what we are
By Thine unfailing radiance see;

And men of every land and speech,
If but they have Thee in their sight,
Are bound to Thee and each to each
By countless threads of love and light.

So be it till the end shall be,
When Death beneath Thy feet shall fall,
And, unto us as unto Thee,
Thy God and Ours be all in all!

TWO WISHES.

“OH, to die and be at rest, —
To sink beneath life's load,
And to see, through closing eyes,
Fade away its long, long road! —
To turn from the Sphinx of Time,
Putting fearful questions still, —
In a mountain's leafy glooms,
By the side of a purling rill,
While yet the wild-flower blooms
And the happy birds sing on,
To lie and only know
The peace of the dead and gone!”

“Nay, to live! — to serve God and Man,
With warm hand and a dauntless breast,
Till the battle of life is won,
And never to dream of rest
Till the whole of thy work is done! —

To stand in the field and reap
Till the Sunset has gone to sleep,
And voices grow faint and few,
And the blood runs chill in the dew, —
Till the twinkling, beckoning stars are come,
And clear sounds the Master's call, —
Then to follow the last of thy comrades home
With the fullest wain of all!"

THE GRAY NUN.

TO SISTER P——, ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF
HER TAKING THE VOWS.

A QUARTER of a century!
What beauteous tales must Memory
Tell softly in thy modest ear, —
Sure prophecies of glories near, —
Of all that thou hast said and done
Within that time, O good Gray Nun!

Still on and on the days did glide
With those who lived and those who died,
And those who laughed and those who wept;
But, while Time's dim sands downward crept,
Thou told'st them off with holy deeds
As with thy prayers thou told'st thy beads.

This earth rolled 'neath thee. Many sought
Its dazzling prizes. Many bought
Power, fame, or gold, with peace worth more;
Some baffled stood when life was o'er;

And some, for whom the sad bell tolls,
Gained their whole world and lost their souls.

While other maidens' happier hands
Were warmly clasped in wedlock's bands,
Thine tenderly the sick-bed smoothed;
And, like a coming angel's, soothed
Thy voice the sufferer; dying eyne
Looked up to pitying tears in thine.

No child of thine thy hearth might bless,
Thou mother to the motherless;
But fervently thine orisons
Went up for Jesu's "little ones,"
By thee led safe from woe and shame,
And taught to lisp His holy name.

Oh, there are many gracious ways
To walk in to our Father's praise,
And ways more glad than thine; but yet
Thy service, let us ne'er forget,
Since thou didst don the shady hood
To "go about" still "doing good."

Sweet Sister, teach us too to feel
The glow of thine own hallowing zeal, —
To follow thee in loyal love,
That, when at last we go above,
Our welcoming Master us may call
His faithful servants, one and all.

DOLORES.

For our light affliction, *which is but for a moment.*

II CORINTHIANS iv. 17.

DOLORES dreary, in funereal crape,
Her haggard form perpetually doth
drape, —

(To show she cannot “yet our Lord forgive”
For taking her beloved with Him to live?) —
And groaneth oft amid her sighs and tears,
“What years I have to live! — what long, hard
years!”

But to Dolores, I would gently say,
Now dry thine eyes and see, — Dolores, nay,
No mortal ever yet, since Time begun,
Could e’er at once of years have more than one
To live, betwixt the cradle and the grave,
Nor in that year more than one month could
have

One week within that month; that week within,
Only one day for him could Clotho spin
At once. She never had it in her power,
Within that day to spin him but one hour, —
One minute in that hour, — one second then,
At once within that minute, in his ken.

One second may be hard, — cannot be long.
Take up thy sand-glass; oh, be strong, be strong!
Thank God for fleeting life, and use it so
That when thy years are ended, men shall know
They all were blessings, nor shalt thou deplore
Their number when, for thee, Time's years are
o'er!

RENUNCIATION.

NIGHT is falling. Bells, they toll.
Strained a-tiptoe stands a soul
Whispering, where none else can hear,
Softly in a Father's ear,
"I was where I *love* to be,
Growing what I strove to be.
I'm where God ordains, I trust,
To change to what He says I must.
One day, I hope glad to be
That all was as He bade to be.

GETHSEMANE.

THY Best-beloved, sent by Thee,
Oh, God, went to Gethsemane;
And while Thine angels heard Him pray,
Stood Golgotha not far away!

We kneel before Thee. Like Thy Son
We strive to say, "Thy will be done";
But oh, like Him, we also say,
"Our Father, *take* this cup away!"

With bitterest tears our eyes are wet.
Our sun of happy life hath set —
To rise not, save beyond the tomb? —
Down on us shuts the night of doom.

In Thine own time, — in Thine own way, —
Through darkness bring us into day.
No light, no help, no hope we see;
But miracles belong to Thee.

Yet if this draught from which we shrink,
May not pass from us ere we drink,
We drain it and, in meek accord,
Go by *His* path to find our Lord.

ANNA THE PROPHETESS.

And there was one Anna, a prophetess; . . . and she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day.

ST. LUKE ii. 36, 37.

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? . . . Therefore glorify God in your body.

I CORINTHIANS vi. 19.

ST. LUKE, the evangelist, left in his
history

To us a legend most soothing and calm;
Far off and dim, in its distance and mystery
Down the long ages it sings like a psalm.
Homilies oft have less weight with more heaviness;
Much in few words to our spirits doth say,
The old scripture that tells us how Anna the
prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Through wedded bliss, from her innocent
maidenhood
Softly led on toward a saintly old age,

Then, through the shock and the anguish of
widowhood,

To the one shrine that her woe could as-
suage, —

First through the myrtles, and then through the
cypresses,

Up to the mountain where palms have
their sway, —

Hallowed and comforted, Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Veiled far within were the Ark and gold
cherubim.

Veiled in the Court of the Women was she,
Seeing in visions heaven oped with its seraphim,
Seeing by faith what her eye could not
see.

Trusting and teased by no vain, prying restless-
ness, —

Firm, with a foot that went never astray
After forbidden ground, — Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Many a daughter of Zion in bravery
Mincing abroad, tinkling, jewelled, and
curled,
Proudly the livery wore of her slavery
Unto the prince of this perishing world, —
Sought his delights with a greediness measureless.
Seeking her God, — ever eager to pray, —
In her dark weeds, awful Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day,

Sneered cynic Sadducee. Large in phylactery,
To the street-starers rehearsing his part,
Flaunted the Pharisee, Moses' charactery
Writ on his raiment and not on his heart, —
Whitening the tomb of his inward unrighteous-
ness, —
Thee, Lamb of God, making ready to slay;
While, in her lowliness, Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Till when, in swaddling-bands fashioned by
mortal hands,
Laying the glories aside of His home, —

Leaving His Sire, — to reclaim our low, tare-
sown lands,
The Prince of the Universe bowed Him to
come,
He in his infant grace to the meek votaress
Came, in His mother's soft arms as He lay,
Where, at her post suitress, Anna the prophetess
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Low lies the temple that towered o'er Jeru-
salem;
But in another not built by men's hands,
Where hallelujahs succeed to the requiem,
Anna the prophetess jubilant stands.
Still, hour by hour, Father, us with this blessing
bless,
So to serve Thee in our temples of clay,
That we, when they fall, may, with Anna the
prophetess,
Serve in Thy temple of ne'er-nighted day!

DREAMING AND WAKING.

OR in the body or without, —
But which, I did not think or know, —
My soul toward eve, in dread and doubt,
Toiled in an Alpine waste of snow.

A throne whereon sat nodding Death,
The avalanche o'erhung the pass;
And oft athwart it yawned beneath,
The blue-lipped, hungry, sly *crevasse*.

Where led that pass, I could not see,
But saw no other, far or near;
Nor gaped its rifts alone for me, —
For fellow-travellers far more dear! —

Then leaped the ready ruin down!
It leaped upon them! One by one
Each lurking pitfall claimed its own, —
Each voice gave out its dying groan.

All help was vain, where help was nigh.

They vanished out of human sight.

In vain to grope, — in vain to cry! —

Alone I walked to meet the Night, —

Alone with but the stillness bleak,

The overhanging precipice,

And snows that 'neath my feet did creak

Along the ice-edged near abyss. —

Anon upon me, swift and sure,

The mass of frozen darkness rushed

With weight no mortal could endure, —

Endure and breathe, — and I was crushed,

But was not stunned. The shock struck out

My spark of life more quick and keen.

My eyes, — I knew not they were shut, —

Unclosed upon another scene:

Beside my safely pillowed head,

'Mid myrtles, roses stood in bloom;

And household embers glimmered red

Before me in a cosy room.

A bright white hand caressing strayed
An organ's answering keys along,
Light as the sun on Memnon played;
A sweet voice sang a holy song.

No more to weep, no more to roam,
I rose to move with fearless tread,
In light and warmth and peace and home.
The waiting evening meal was spread;

Above, a happy lamp was lit,
That long my evening-star had been;
And those for whom my eyes were wet,
By different doors came cheerly in.

Among them seated at the board,
I told my dream to make them smile,
Without a single solemn word;
But of myself I asked mean-while:

"That certain stroke which all men dread,
Doth it destruction, thus, but *seem*?
There is a 'WAKING from the dead';
Hath not our life been called a DREAM?"



THE CHURCHYARD.

(Concluded from that in "King Arthur in Avalon.")

E. (D.) C.

DECEMBER 12TH, 1901.

GOOD night to her. — That radiant being? — Nay.

Good night to us; but unto her, good day!
Good day to her, though aged, in her prime
Called up into eternity from time,
To hear, for what she wrought beneath the sun,
The blessed words, "True handmaiden, well
done,"

And, freed from limitations of the clay,
To fill with higher works a longer day.

Good night to us, — as at a wake, who weep,
While one after another falls asleep; —
For unto us her cherished memory
Should as a ministering angel be,
To strengthen us till we, like her, are sure
That they are happy, nobly who endure.

MORRILL WYMAN.

JANUARY 30TH, 1903.

LAY the worn-out form to rest.
Yield the spirit to the blest, —
Blest, more blessed that he's come
To them in their Father's home.
Let us weep, but not repine,
Grieved, — submissive, — to resign
Him, who hath so long been known,
Friend and servant of the town.
Better for him, ere decay
Stole his keen, rare mind away,
That he from us should have passed
Thus, *himself* unto the last.

But how vacant seems each street,
Where we him no more may greet,
Omnipresent on his round
Of eager duty, gay, profound,

Cautious, kindly, strong, and true,
Doing what God bade him do!
Oh, what memories endear
That faithful toil of fifty year!
Meeting him, at morn, alway
Gave fresh brightness to the day,
Or when clocks cried out the hour
Of noon from many a hot church-tower,
Or when cooling twilight came,
Quenching summer's day-long flame.

So, in many a well-known place,
We saw him; but he knew the face
Of street and square and lane as well,
When tolled lone the midnight bell, —
How they looked in star-light cold,
Moonlight, ghastly to behold,
Rain and sleet and snowy storm, —
While we sheltered lay, and warm.

Now no more the sufferer's ear
His soft and longed-for step shall hear.

Now it is *his* turn to sleep.
May the rest be calm and deep,
Of his weary mortal frame.
May his Master call his name,
And his ready spirit wake,
Glad to see upon it break
All the glory of a day
That shall never pass away.

C. L. W.

DECEMBER 8TH, 1903.

IN fulness of your years, good-bye, good
friend;

Your happy course has found its happy end.
In sad procession on our lonely track,
Lonelier we fare, but would not call you back,—
We, who were many when your "life was new,"
Old friends and neighbours,— now so strangely
few!

Your all-day service has earned rich reward;
Go, and receive it from your welcoming Lord.

Go unforgotten. In our pensive walk,
Not sadly always, still of you we talk
And say, "How bright and noiseless, like the
sun,

She went her daily round of duty done!
She sought not any path less safe, less sweet,
Than heaven had laid before her ready feet.

On her, mild Nature lavished for her dower
No dazzling gifts of rash, eccentric power.
While others all their straining strength employed
For prizes oft unwon, or unenjoyed,
She reigned content upon a household throne,
Parent to many children not her own,
And sought and gained the goods that satisfy,
In graces rich that cannot fail or die."

F. (H.) Q.

DECEMBER 11TH, 1903.

BLEAK is the sunshine, black the day!
Fairy, — *Fairy* — is gone away!
Her autumn glowed with its richest fruit;
The sudden axe came down on the root.

Friend to how many, for many a year,
Helpful and hearty, leal and dear,
Mother and wife, — oh, we cannot see
How the angels can need her more than we!

Speak to the mourners, "Peace; be still.
Wiser than ours, is our Father's will."
Short may the parting be. Who can say
How long her dearest are doomed to stay?

Heart-strings are strong to draw above
Those who are left by one they love;
So let ours raise us, until we come
Safe unto her in her Saviour's home!

L. (E.) L.

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1904.

AB LUCE parted, hearts their ache
must bear.

Her sunset *here* is but her sunrise *there*.

We saw her grown, while life upon her smiled,

The radiant woman from the radiant child.

Let us behold her, with the eye of faith,

A radiant spirit, through the mists of death,

Till tardy Azrael shall grant us grace

To see her shine transfigured, face to face.

E. (R.) L.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1911.

NO more! Where'er she went,
She shed a brightness round her
like the sun;
How many hearts are rent
Of those whose sunny days with her are done!

Noble, of noble race,
Instinct with fire, nor woe nor age could quench,
She looked Death in the face,
Meeting him suddenly, and did not blench.

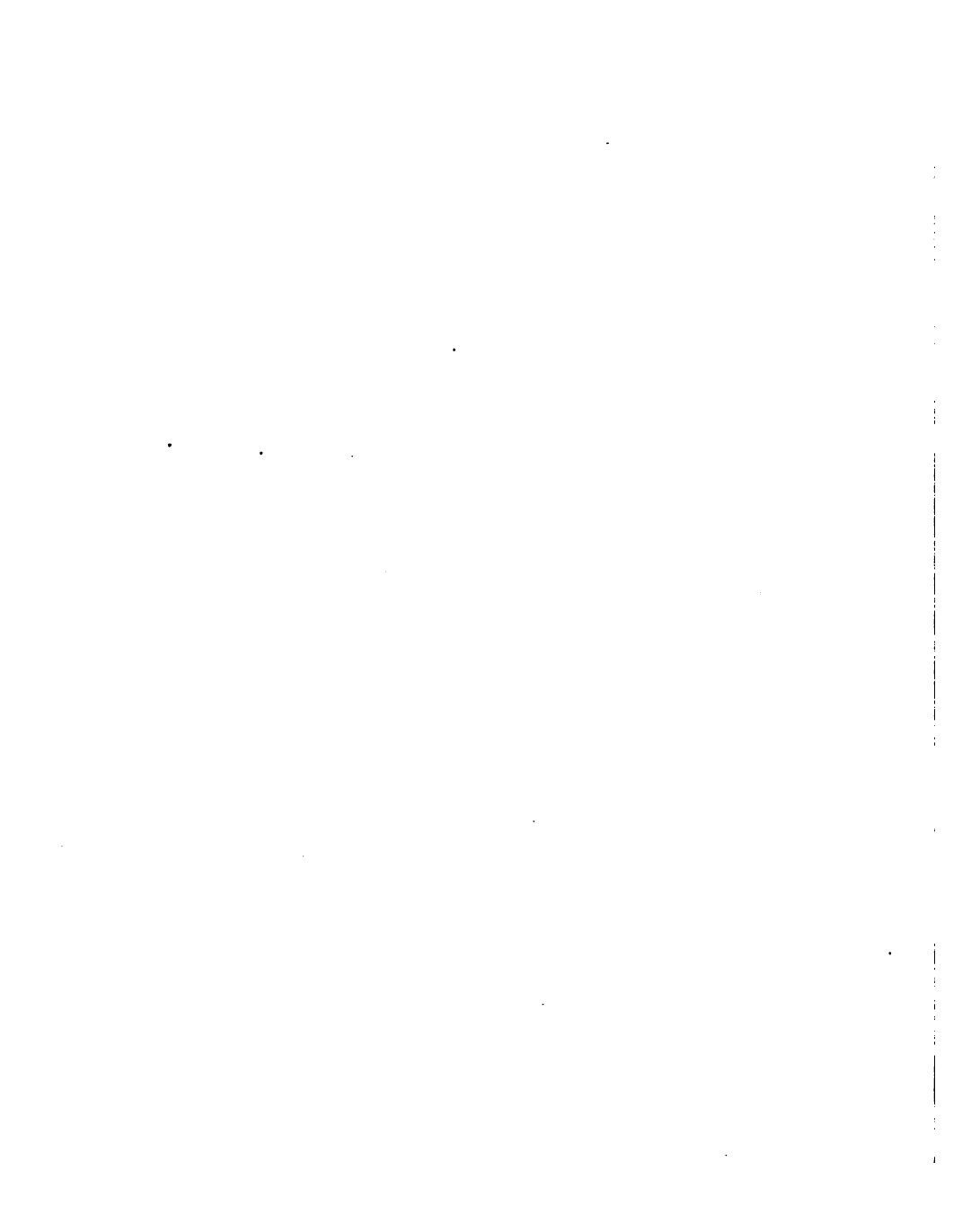
Gracious was she, and sweet,
A joy unto God's children rich and poor;
Worshipped and rare and fleet,
Too swift she vanished through the shutting
door.

Too swift! There was no time
For dear farewells. Our souls forsaken cry,
Like to a funeral chime,
After her through the void, "Good-bye, good-
bye!"

She left behind on earth
An empty place ne'er to be filled again;
But heaven is for our dearth
The fuller; heaven at last will heal our pain,

If only we are still
Through all by Him, the Man of Sorrows, led,
Who went before to fill
His Father's mansions with the blessed dead.

SONNETS.



THE SHADOW.

For our days on the earth *are* [i. e., our life on the earth is] as a shadow.

I CHRONICLES xxix. 15.

THE traveller walking early from the
east

Sees his long shadow stretching far before;
But, while his eyes on varied prospects feast,
He marks not how it shortens more and more;
Nor, pushing onward, does he think or know,
While mid-day burns, how stealthy, mute and
fleet,

Behind him toward his starting-point to grow,
It, dwindled, slides beneath his hastening feet.
Well spake the Shepherd-King: Thus, in our
dawn

And in the glare and hurry of our noon
And when our lagging day is almost gone,
Our life is as a shadow. Lo, how soon

The long to-morrow, that before us lay,
Behind us runs, a dim, long yesterday!

BROKEN PLAY-THINGS.

A FAR-FAMED man, — he was a
father, — said

That a child's grief o'er broken play-things was
A sight he could not bear; and great tasks spread
Before him, cheerfully, for such a cause
He left, and mended little toy and heart.
Dear Father, God, art Thou less pitiful?
How oft in older years it is our part
To weep o'er broken play-things! Heedless, dull,
We've played with chances, friendships, time,
and powers.

We cannot mend our past; and, if forgiven,
Still grieve we for the bliss of sweet lost hours.
'T is not enough for us, to hope for heaven.
Stoop down to us; and mend our broken toys.
Restore our childish souls their olden joys!

SUN AND COMET.

O TENDER hearts and prone to love,
take heed!

The power that draws you may be not benign, —
That draws you onward with such headlong
speed, —

Nay, the more mighty, all the more malign.
Behold, the splendid sun doth shine — and
glare! —

The comet, from the viewless void of space,
Rushes to meet him with an answering flare,
But, — coming near to see him face to face, —
Surcharged with strong repulsion, flees as fast
To hide in loneliest ether. Ere your fate
Be sealed, remember, Passion may not last.
Beware, beware and ponder; lest too late
Your wedlock prove a fiery martyrdom, —
A dirge be your epithalamium.

THE STATUES OF DAY AND NIGHT
BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

DEAD Florence' deathless son, grand
Angelo,
How one wide thought of allo'er-shadowing gloom
Can fix both Night and Day upon a tomb,
Whose dust by both is mourned for, taught by
Woe,
Thou teachest us! — when the too early light
Breaks in with garish mockery of distress,
Upon the sickened soul, and worn-out Night
May bring faint dreams, but not forgetfulness.
A patriot's thought hast petrified, to peer
Darkling through thy translucent stone for
aye? —
So sad the Night, so looketh blank and blear
The lusty, busy face of dazzling Day,
When a land's life, enshrined in mortal clay,
With one man's breath, has passed from earth
away.

THE SHAW MONUMENT.

ST. GAUDENS' wondrous elegy in bronze
Hallows to holy ground the gazing street,
And bids us haste to pay sad orisons,
As 't were to put the shoes from off our feet,
(If we are worthy to behold and feel
Youth, faith, and righteousness and death and
doom,)
And in ennobling humbleness to kneel,
Then rise and follow to, and through, the tomb.
Oh, let us linger near till we have made
Some emulous consecration of the soul
To press henceforth, unboastful, unafraid,
Guided by Duty, towards her unseen goal,
As march forever here in love and awe,
These straining soldiers of the martyr Shaw.

PRESENCE OF SOUL.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH!

ST. MARK xiii. 37.

PRESENCE of mind? — 'T is good; but
rather give

Presence of soul to us, that we with eyes
Awake and on the watch may ever live,
To take the fateful moments by surprise.
The chances of our lives, they come and go.
Then they are gone and will not come again;
And men may, through the tears of bitterest woe,
Look after their lost beauty, and in vain.
As the stanch sentinel stands on his guard,
And ready with the watchword for the call
Of his inspecting captain, — though blow hard
The storm, — 'mid mortal life's grim changes all,
Let us with the great thought, great deed,
great word,
Be ready aye for Thee, O Christ our Lord!

STRAYINGS.

That it may please thee to raise up those who fall.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

AS the fond mother runneth from her
home,

Along the common ways, to find her child,—
That ever and anon from her will roam,
By folly, though it loves her well, beguiled,—
Snatcheth it up and cries, “And did you fall
And hurt yourself? The robe I put on you
At morn so fresh, is torn and sullied all!
But you shall have one whole and fresh and new”;
Oh, heavenly Father, in Thy pity thus
Seek Thou Thine offspring in their faults or
crimes!

Have we not from Thee strayed, — the best of
us, —

And hurt ourselves not once, but many times?

Lift Thou us up; and clothe us in the dress,
Glistening and white, of Jesu’s holiness.

LEAD AND GOLD.

“**P**ETTY and paltry, baffled, beggared, all
My life is sunk in nothingness,” I said;
“From day to day a grovelling, earth-bound
thrall,

My gold forsook, I delve for others’ lead.
And glitter still the rifts of Helicon!
The diver yet grows rich in Hippocrene,
Whence I, too, brought some ingots once that
shone, —

Now dimmed with years and tarnished of their
sheen!”

Answered my King, “Thy fellow-servants’ lot,
Scorn’st thou to share. Love is the mystic stone
That changeth lead to gold. And why should
not,

As well by thee as by another one,

Mirk mines be wrought? Dost thou grudge
time to Me? —

To Me, Who give eternity to thee!”

THE GARDENER.

I DREAMED a gardener, in a garden
fair,
Sought long from tree and vine and bush to
bring
A basketful of fruits all rich and rare,
To offer it in triumph to his king.
The show was brave; but, when he touched and
scanned,
One, seeming sweet, was scarcely sound or firm;
One, glowing bright, was hard unto his hand;
This, soiled with earth; that, channelled by the
worm.
Unripe or marred were all, where'er he came.
He wrung his hands and wept and turned away
And blamelessly, in men's eyes, bore the blame,
And left his offering for another day.
Oh, God, my God, our King, and can it be?—
Is Christ the Gardener?—and the fruit are we?

THE HEALER.

And he healed them that had need of healing.

ST. LUKE ix. 11.

OH, happy sufferers, unto whom their
pain,

Though sorest pain, such meed of healing won!
O heavenly Father, send to earth again
To those who languish still, Thy blessed Son!
Look on the wounds Death's cruel hand doth
leave

On those he leaves behind,—on calm, brave eyes,
That shed no outward tears, of those who grieve
O'er hurts unguessed until the victim dies, —
Wounds of old friendship wronged and true love
spurned. —

Thou see'st in secret; see the springs of hope
Into the dry *mirage* that mocks hope, turned.
See Adam's scars, too apt afresh to ope.

Thou, Who of yore for us wert sacrificed,
We all have need of healing, O Lord Christ!

YEARNINGS.

THOU Who art great, look on our
littleness,

That strives so hard to rise itself above,
And wastes its weakness, breaks its brittleness,
And struggles idly like a wounded dove,
That looks up to the sky and fain would soar,
And fluttering flaps its broken wing with pain,
And only languishes and bleeds the more.
Let us not look unto Thy heaven in vain,
With baffled yearnings. As some kind leech will
Out of the dust some petty sufferer take, —
Hurt bird or beast, — and spend on it his skill,
And make it well for his own goodness' sake,
Though it can give him neither fame nor fee,
So let Thy pity work for us with Thee.

PEACE; BE STILL.

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.

ISAIAH xxx. 15.

I TOILED. My tools were taken from
my hand.

I sought for more, and straightway was laid
down.

“What shall I do?” I sobbed. Then saw I stand
O’er me my Master; and, without a frown,
Thus did He pitying answer me, “Be still.
This is thy time to bear, and Mine to do
To thee, and in thee, all My holy will.
And what I do, to-day thou canst not know;
But thou shalt know hereafter,” said my Lord;
“On thee, not by thee, must My work be
wrought.”

And thereupon some echoes of the Word,
That with a keenly hearkening ear I caught,
After hard struggles brought me peace at
length:

“In quietness and trust shall be thy strength.”

THE YEAR OF DEATHS.

ALL ye whose hearts henceforth must
buried lie

In the most sacred earth of some dear grave,
Now that this Year of Deaths has hurried by,
What joy, what hope, what comfort can we
have? —

“What joy?” — Nay, that the dead in Christ
arise,

And that our heavy sorrow is not theirs, —
That God doth wipe all tears from their loved
eyes,

And to thanksgivings turn their patient prayers. —

“What comfort?” — That the time henceforth
is short. —

“What hope?” — While we are waiting, to fulfil
Their and our Father’s will in such a sort
That we may be scarce parted, but until
Our death is hid with theirs beneath the sod,
Our life be hid with theirs, with Christ in God.

THE MOULDER.

THE Moulder takes into his hands the
clay,

And firmly kneads and shapes it to his will,
Intent with hard unsparing toil; away
He pares the boss, and up the gap doth fill;
Until the perfect image of his thought
At length comes forth unto his gladdened eye. —
Moulder of souls, thus be Thy wonders wrought
In tear-wet stuff of our humanity.
Take Thine own way; and use what tools Thou
wilt.

Thou hast to deal with cold ingratitude
And very hollow love and forward guilt;
But with Thee all is possible of good.

Unmake and make us till, when all is done,
We stand complete in likeness to Thy Son!

MOURNING AND MORNING.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

PSALM xxx. 5.

THE little boy who did what was not
good,
Is put to bed in penitence and tears.
He "did not mean to!" But unto his mood
The night is black,—the darkness full of fears.—
He opes his brightening eyes from sleep's eclipse
Anon, to find new light, new love, new bliss,
And feels upon his cheek his mother's lips,
That chide no more, but smile on him, and kiss.
Oh, tender Father, when the last night falls
On us, Thine erring, ruing children, so —
When we shake off our winding-sheets and palls,
Let a blest morning follow on our woe!
We did not will to fall so far from grace;
Be all forgotten, save Thy loving face!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IT is the Feast of feasts, and we are bidden!
In sacred stillness, lo! the altar spread,—
By Christmas greens half in the chancel hidden,—
Chalice and patine, holy wine and bread!
We are not worthy. Maker, oh, remake us!
With our hearts, feel Thy feelings. With our
brains,
Think Thine own thoughts. To live Thy strong
life take us
With our weak souls upon these earthly plains.
Speak, with our tongues, Thy words; and do
Thine errands
With our glad feet, where'er Thy love would send
To aid our brethren on want's barren lowlands.
Do, with our hands, Thy work. To our life's end,
Let us be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And faithful soldiers of Christ's human host.

PATRIOTIC.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

NATIONAL SONG.

Our country, right or wrong. When right, to be kept
right; when wrong, to be set right.

CARL SCHURZ.

A BURNT SACRIFICE.

“SHE was only a negress.” Well,
She was just, perhaps, what God made
her;

But the knife, the screw, and the fire,
As they would have done us, dismayed her.
“Her crime?” In his sorest strait,
She stayed at her husband’s side,
In the place that belongs to a wife;
And without complaint, she died.

“And what had he done?” — Who knows?
Without any form of trial,
Whatever the rights of a case,
There is not much room for denial.
He fought with another man.
’T was the other man who fell;
But which was the man to blame,
Might be somewhat hard to tell.

“But the prisoners’ skin was black.”

Can you tell us what was the colour
Of the souls of those who made game
Of their grisly pangs and their dolour? —
At any rate, slayers and slain
Were alike of our native land;
And the outrage and burning shame
Fell on us as a blasting brand;

When straight, for an offering meet
To Satan, was builded an altar;
Human victims were cast thereon,
By hands that knew not to falter, —
If this story should proceed
In words of the tongue or pen,
Could you bear to hear or to read,
Fellow women, or fellow men? —

There’s a stain, that will not out,
In the scutcheon of our nation!
There’s a taint on our race and name!
There’s a sentence of damnation

In Vengeance's thunderous mouth;
And, if up to God we look,
In our horror and grief, there's a blot
At our place in His judgment-book!

LITTLE PEPITA.

LITTLE Pepita was shot, to-day,
Running along the sunny street.
The ball was more fleet than her nimble feet,
Flying the poor little girl to slay.
Oh, little Pepita was shot, to-day!

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.
Out she ran in the wonted street,
As she had often run to meet
Some little neighbour for laughter and play;
But little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day;
Dancing along with a skip and a hop,
A sentinel spied her and bade her to stop;
She was frightened, perhaps, and she dared not
stay;
So little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Down she fell in the well-known street,
Her innocent life, — so short and so sweet, —
Bleeding and sobbing and gasping away,
When little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Dancing and skipping, she'll bound no more
Into her home, through the waiting door,
For kisses and hugs, — so loving and gay, —
For little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Her doll looks for her with waxen eyes,
Smiling on, while her mother cries,
And her father sits staring, turned haggard and
gray,
Whose little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Tearfully down on her tiny bed,
Her cold little form, — so still and so dead! —

While a grave is a-making, tenderly lay;
For little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Up in the high and holy place,
Her angel beheld Christ's Father's face,
His little ones watching forever and aye,
When little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Little Pepita was shot, to-day.

Such is the work that our Boys in Blue,
We send to the ends of the earth to do?
God help us, — pardon us, dare we to say? —
When little Pepita we shot, to-day!

THE OLD HOME.

Plain living and high thinking.

WORDSWORTH.

THE old Home from the homestead goes
slowly dragged away;
Cold hearth and bridal-chamber stand open to
the day.
The tiles around its chimney are cracked or
cleft in twain.
No more shall tap the cherries for entrance at
its pane.
The elms its founders planted no more shall
stroke its face
With old familiar shadows; but o'er its empty
place
Their great boughs hang forlornly. The honey-
suckle lies
Along the ground; and vainly to find its porch
she tries

With sadly groping tendrils, upon her earthly
bed,
Like blind men's fingers searching the features
of the dead;
(Not as once, when her clusters had sweetened
all the air,
Her leafy wreaths entwined to screen a youthful
pair
From prying of the moon-beams, lest any man
should guess .
That one said softly, "Will you?" and one
more softly, "Yes,"
Before the banns were published and all the town
might know, —
The last old pair that lived here, — and died,
not long ago. —)

Who chose those quaint wall-papers, now
bleaching in the rain?
Who hewed those sound old rafters, whose
strength is now in vain?

(Which roofed the good great-grandsire, 't is
said, the very night

Before he took that musket and died at Concord
fight.)

Had any seer foretold them, their work would
thus be brought

To naught by their own offspring, what had they
said or thought?

The tortoise-shell grimalkin no more her
haunts doth know,

But runs 'twixt loft and cellar, distracted, to
and fro.

A piteous *genius loci*, she seems. Poor puss,
believe

That many a one besides thee will see this
sight, and grieve.

Ne'er henceforth shall we linger, in passing,
to behold

The gambrel-roof and *lean-to*, two hundred
summers old,

Amid the verdure rearing their venerable gray,
Nor well, that won the traveller so often from
his way,
'Neath apple-trees whose blossoms were mirrored
deeply down,
Nor wall so rich with mosses beneath its bar-
berry crown,
Nor elders nodding o'er it upon the grassy bank,
'Mid thimble-berries sable, and blackberry-
brambles rank.

Where crowd the luscious lilacs, unconscious,
blooming yet,
Where hollyhocks, with blushes, displayed each
gay "rosette,"
Will come with Latin labels, exotics fine and new,
And snaky "ribbon-borders" where the dear
wild-roses blew.

While soon, as if Aladdin had rubbed his
rusty lamp,
Some queer "Queen-Anntic" mansion herein
shall rise and ramp,

Or,— battlemented, — donjoned, — some much
misplaced *château*
Stand, looking quite confounded, the maimèd
trees below,
'Mid very home-sick statues, right piteous to
behold,
Not clad to suit our climate, exposed to catching
cold.

'Tis true, "'t is not my funeral"; and he
must have his way;
But unto Mr. Newgent, my lips are fain to say,
Oh, neighbour, shall you like it yourself, when
all is done,
When all that you were used to, beyond recall,
is gone?
How full it was of Memories, that house where
you were born,
That started up to greet you, at even, noon, or
morn!
Will they come back, when you come, in fine
new rooms to dwell,

Sweet half-forgotten stories of early days to tell,
Of parents, brethren, comrades, and wholesome
country ways,
And boyhood's joys and sorrows, and simple
work and plays?
Were 't not enough, a nabob to be for half the
year
In town, and a refreshment to find your old
self here,
A child among your children, — to let them see
that Health
And Happiness their dwelling may have apart
from Wealth?

Will there be no more raking, nor riding, in
the hay,
But girls upon their toes all night, and on their
backs all day;
No harvestings or huskings, no nuttings in the
wood,
No milkings in the meadow, no giving chicks
their food,

No scramblings in the barn-loft to find the new-laid eggs, —
But serving-men in livery, with boots like wooden legs?

“These things are trifles”? — May-be; but others lurk behind,
And 'mid them, not so trifling, — lie heavy on my mind. —
I cannot love such fashions as Satan seems to plan
To set up as a barrier 'twixt heart of man and man; —
On one hand weakening luxury, self-pampering sloth and pride,
Servility and envy upon the other side;
And, as I mark the changes that creep in year by year,
Though all be not momentous, I fear that worse are near, —
“Columbia” masquerading with Europe’s worn-out dress,

Her jealous, dangerous labour, her perilous
idleness,
Her races, hunts, and gambling, her beggary
and crimes! —
God grant I read not truly some signs of these
our times! —

Our dear old home, New England, and you
her sister States,
What goal, unseen but ready, your onward
march awaits?
Shall we, whose sires shook from them the yoke
of monarchy,
Have sham republics acting sham aristocracy?
Look to your ways betimes, lest, among the
nations all,
Your greatness give momentum unto your
greater fall.
'T is yours to choose. Before you still open, is
the road
Cleared by the loyal elders in truth to Man and
God.

Climb there to rear such Freedom as ne'er the
world has seen,
Such glad and general Welfare as never yet has
been,
A pure and hardy Manhood, aglow with inbred
zeal,
In generous self-devotion to serve the common
weal,
Where each one his own doings, shall rule by
righteous laws,
And rich and poor, like brothers, maintain each
other's cause.
Or take the downward turn toward the mines
of sordid Pelf,
Where every man, in *choke-damp*, gropes blindly
for himself,
His hand against his neighbour's. Then straight
upon us move
The unions born of Hatred that wears the mask
of Love,
The suicide of Freedom, the despotism of
strikes,

The leagues of tyrannous masters, the bludgeons
and the pikes,
The dynamite, the gallows to drop men down
to hell,
And mutual harms too many for any tongue to
tell;
And, in more weighty matters than we to-day
deplore,
Wealth cometh in to ruin what Wealth can ne'er
restore.

BOSTON COMMON.

A LEGISLATIVE HEARING, A. D. 19—?

(Green-room of the State House. Committee on Rapid
[Rapid?] Transit in Session. Various Persons *log.*)

“GOOD gracious! See the fossil nobbs pour
out the elevator,
Like smoke when chimneys be afire! Come,
come! It beats all Natur’!”

“An’ them as can’t set foot in that, comes
puffin’ up the stairs!
There’s no room left on the settees.”

“Waall, can’t you fetch some chairs?”

“Not I. Jest let ’em stand for once, an’ try
how good it feels
To hev’ a rapid transit on each other’s toes an’
heels.

This here congested district, it'll learn 'em some,
I guess, —
Squeeze sentiment out on 'em all, or teach 'em
to show less."

"Oh, sentiment! Ah, sentiment! My sentiment is this:
I don't care half a *d*—— for 'em, for all they
clap or hiss.
I ain't a-goin' to walk a step, as I'm a man
alive,
In this free land, while I can git a ten-cent ride
for five."

"Waall, let 'em talk, an' talk it out; we ain't
goin' to be fooled.
We'll hev' their Common soon or late; our
wires is laid an' pulled. —
We'll only net it over-head an' tunnel under-
ground,
An' trench it right across, an' pare it gradooal
round an' round.

You know the tale? A peddler come, — that
peddler's name was Stout, —
A little woman's petticoats he cut all round
about;
He cut her little petticoats up to her little
knees,
All by the king's highway, so sly, till she begun
to freeze.
The little woman was asleep, but when she
waked did cry,
'Oh goodness! Mercy on me! What? This
surely is not I!''

Rap, rap. "The hearing will commence, — as
soon as we can hear. —
Remonstrant speakers, if they please, will
straightway now appear.
Name, madam?"

"Missus Raffarty; an', wid respect to yees,
I'd ax yees l'ave the Common be; beca'se yer
honours sees,

In out-o'-works an' holidays an' sultry nights
an' noons,
It kapes me Dinnis an' me Pat from out o' thim
saloons."

"Your name, sir?"

"'Name'? 'T is Price. (To me, it sounds a
little strange
To hear it asked. At any rate it's not unknown
on 'Change.)
Well, I've my country-place, clipped lawns and
foreign shrubs enough
And green-houses to please my wife, and all
that sort of stuff.
The country is not bad. I like the city best in
May;
And hitherto, up to the last, do I in Boston
stay.
But, if the Common's going to be to railroad-
tracks laid down,

I think I may prefer to pay my taxes out of town."

"I am a banished Boston dame; but sometimes still I come
To look upon the dear old place that used to be my home.
'T is changing more and more; but if I see the Common, then
I thrill, and feel that I have reached its own true heart again.
My youth and health and wealth are gone. My horseback days are done.
I'm glad of cars to carry me where I was wont to run;
But, while I can, I'll manage yet to foot it, at a pinch,
Before I'll ever give my vote to cut *that* down an inch;
And when I can't, I'll stay away, remember it in prayer,
And say in West Mosquitoville, 'Thank God, the Common's *there!*'"

"Name, sir?"

"St. Leger." —

"Silence there. This speaker has the floor. —
Mr. St. Leger, please be brief; you see there's
many more."

"I'm not a sentimentalist. I have n't much
to say.

I'm going to tell one little thing that happened
one spring day:

I'd been in State Street, hours; and tired enough,
and rather cross,

No wonder if I was perhaps. A man, — his
name was Floss, —

He's dead and gone, — but he had been endors-
ing for a friend.

The friend had failed; you know, of course, how
those things often end.

Friend owed my firm a pretty sum. Floss said
he could and would,

Though it should cost him all he had, be sure
to make us good,

But asked for time to save himself from ruin.

We said, No.

Across the Common, as it chanced, my home-
ward way did go;

And as I walked and schemed and fumed, I
heard a lively noise,

I raised my head and turned, and saw a jolly
ring of boys

At marbles, squatting, kneeling, down upon the
mellow earth.

I nearer drew; and, as I watched, my wrath was
changed to mirth.

I joined them, begged a *snap* or two; (I was a
famous shot

In my young days;) I snapped and won,
divided all I got

Among them, rose, and went my way. Then
Memory sprang to show,

Into her magic-lantern slipped, a slide of long
ago,

When Floss was up, and I was down and stood
alone and cried,

While other urchins marbles played, that very
path beside.

My dirty little fingers in my ragged pocket
groped,

And only found a hole whereby my *bowlers* had
eloped,

My *alleys*, cents, and all I had! Then suddenly
along

Pranced 'Flossy,' spick and span, but stopped
to ask me what was wrong.

My other pocket from his own he stocked, then
frisked away,

Nor stayed for thanks. — I tossed all night.

Betimes the following day,

I hurried down in town to meet my partners
chafed with loss,

And said to them, 'I've changed my mind; we
don't shut down on Floss.'

'Why, what's the matter?' 'Well,—not much;
he's honest, if a fool.—

I'll be his surety,—and besides, we know the
Golden Rule.'

He slaved and starved, and saved enough to
pay us and provide
For his old mother, — sent for me, and thanked
me when he died.”

“Mis’ Lander.” —

“Mrs. Lander your committee will address.”

“I want the Common, — all on it, — and
never any less.

My residence, Blind Alley ’t is, — what some
folks calls ‘ the slums.’ —

When all night long the blessed babe’s be’n
screechin’ with his gums,

An’ I git up at dawn to rensen an’ wring, my
brains, they bake

That sometimes I’m most fit to bile a infant by
mistake.

I hain’t scarce room to step around, when
round the clo’es is piled,

Nor set my foot upon the floor ’thout treadin’
on a child.

My place is stived at best; but when it's full
o' steam an' suds! —

I tell ye then I'm glad there's one with shade-
trees, grass, an' buds.

' You, Emogene,' I says, ' take Bub an' Sis an'
little Sal;

An' let him sleep, an' let 'em play, all pootty in
the Mall.' ”

“ Judge Blackstone? ”

“ Yes; and I suppose I scarce was looked
for here, —

A busy, dry old stick of law, and sometimes
called severe. —

(Dare say I am; for in the courts I've sat out
half my time,

To see the worst side of mankind and deal
with sin and crime.)

But when I leave the legal bench for one in
light and air

Upon the green old Common, — rest my soul
and body where

I used to sport, a heedless child, — my heart
grows soft and warm
Towards all the little rascals that about the
Frog Pond swarm. —
'T is easy to go wrong in youth. I dread to swell
the ranks
Of jail-birds with offenders small. To break
them of their pranks,
I vow I'll turn them over unto Birtwell when
I can.
Ahem! I've known an impish boy to make a
worthy man."

"My name is Dole, — a widower. — I have
one child, — a girl, —
And may not have *her* long, — my dove! my
darling! oh, my pearl! —
She pines and wastes and coughs and gasps.
If we was folks of wealth,
And I could take her to the beach or mountains,
for her health,
I think she might be better; she believes she
'should grow *strong*'!

But, when the summer comes, the nights are
stiffing, and so long!
And all our little comfort is, to let her breathe
the breeze
On the cool Common, sit and see the moonlight
and the trees."

"Rev. Dr. Burnup?"

"Sir, the same. I am not here to preach;
But I've been called upon to-day for some short,
simple speech.
I think the Common should be spared, because
it does us good, —
You, me, and all of us, — in ways not always
understood.
For me, when at my desk I sit, I take dark views
at times.
The world looks black; the newspapers are foul
with hideous crimes.
I choose my text, 'Depart, ye cursed.' Then
is some message said:

I'm wanted, to go forth and pray beside some
 sufferer's bed;
And as I go the Common o'er, the sky the
 boughs looks through
Down on me, as with pitying heaven's own
 tender eyes of blue.
The five sharp points of Calvin sink like needles,
 out of sight
In my dear help-meet's pin-cushion, no more to
 come to light.
And, as the long walks lead away, grim musings
 me release;
I think on holy wisdom's ways of pleasantness
 and peace.
And when I've told of pardoning love, on peni-
 tence that waits,
And Him Who died to open wide heaven's
 hospitable gates,
And I return in milder mood unto my brighter
 home,
I scratch the first text out to write, 'Blest of
 My Father, come,

Ye Who have visited My sick, and given My
hungry food,
The naked clad, with succour by My prisoned
brethren stood.”

.

“Name?”

“Bromfield.”

“Pardon, sir; to-day, it’s getting pretty
late,” —

“When men are hard on ninety, sir, they
cannot always wait. —

I *am* a man of sentiment, — because I’m not a
clod; —

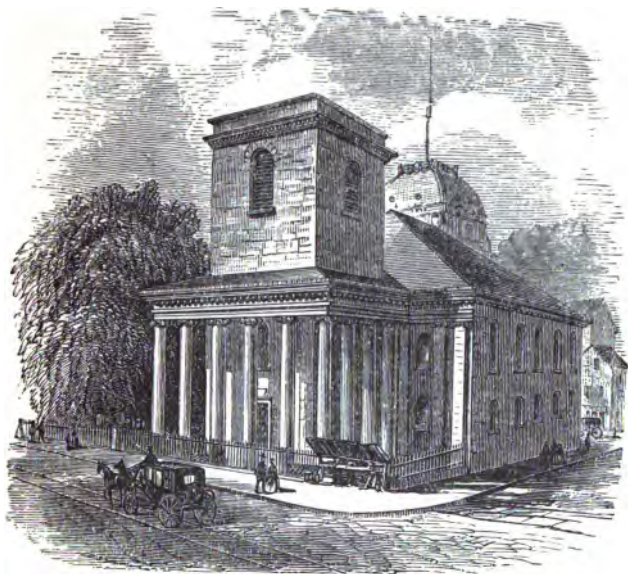
My sentiment, it is the love of country, Man,
and God.

I’ve seen the best this earth can show. I’ve
floated on the Nile, —

Where Time stands still, and things are left in
peace, a little while. —

I've climbed on Alp and Apennine, and gathered grapes in Spain,
And seen sweet Capri's grotto ope upon a sapphire main.
I've strolled at Venice o'er the Square of gorgeous old St. Mark.
My steeds I've often trotted in a stately London park.
I'll not deny that fairer sights are elsewhere seen than here;
But, as our Common, there is none to my old eyes so dear, —
(A needful refuge, when the cars are raging through the town,
With privilege to keep, and run the population down.) —
'Tis trimmed and tamed, not what it was; the dells are few or none;
The double-terraced bank above the upper Mall is gone,
Where wide the ancient elm-trees stretched their venerable toes,

Nor dreamed that to electric poles should yield
their goodly rows.
The clover and the buttercups, my little sisters
found
And used to lay for 'carpets' on the green
enamelled ground,
Are like those pretty play-fellows forever from
it fled;
But changes now are everywhere, and I shall
soon be dead.
No matter. When I am, I crave to babes un-
born to leave
Unspoiled the happy heritage our fathers did
receive
From grandsires proved our future needs too
wisely to foreknow,
That we should dare, with reverence small, their
past away to throw.
(My own dear boys once played, then drilled,
upon that sacred plain;
And thence I saw them march away, not to
return again.



KING'S CHAPEL

For us who can recall the war, 't is hallowed by
the beat,
Forevermore, of such young brave and patriotic
feet.)
The Granary is ravaged. Gray King's Chapel
dubious stands,
And fears from year to year the blows of sacri-
legious hands.
With dwindling nurseries, scant of sons to bear
the good old names,
And to remind the times at least of their fore-
fathers' fames,
With emptied pews and levelled graves, we of
so much bereft,
Oh, let us only cling the more to all that we
have left!
Too much of woe and hate there is. The pride,
and wants, of life
Are setting more and more the hearts of neigh-
bours here at strife.
Then let, for centuries to come, among them
still be found

One common treasure, common boast, one
common pleasure-ground.

Thrice hill-crowned mother, if 't were true, too
true beyond a doubt,

That your own matchless founder-breed were
doomed and dying out,

Still hither bring your foster-sons, — *Mac, O',
Hans, Jacob, Pierre;*—

Teach those who'd fill our place, that they
must our traditions share. —

Be mourning thus to robes of praise, to beauty,
ashes turned! —

I move that *sine die*, sir, this meeting be ad-
journed."

SHE SAYS TO ME, SAYS ANN.

WE hail from Boston; so, last spring,
I says to Ann, says I,
“I can’t stan’ not to see the place once more
before I die.”

An’ she says, “Go; an’ see’t for both; an’
lay up all ye can
To tell me when ye’re here again,” she says to
me, says Ann.

I did n’t know she’d hankered so, the years
we’d lived out West,
For all we’d left. Old folks, I s’pose, doos like
old homes the best.
An’ now, she talked on’t half the night, — the
fall o’ friendly feet,
An’ cheerful rumble of the wheels along the
pebbled street,

An' of the air that used to come, upon a sultry
day,

An' sweep all through it, salt an' cool, from
Massachusetts Bay.

I bid her, for a keepsake, choose what she should
like to have.

She wanted jest a buttercup from off her
mother's grave.

I was n't gone no great 'f a spell. I come
back with a sigh.

"Dear soul, there ain't no Boston left!" I says
to Ann, says I.

"Don't tell me so! Another fire?" she says
to me, says Ann.

"No, wus," I says; "the city's fell into the
hands o' Man.

They've filled it up an' built it up. They've
tore an' digged it down.

'T ain't hardly more, forevermore, than any
other town!"

“Who ever heard o’ sech a thing, from
Be’rsheby to Dan! —
The laylocks roun’ the Hancock House?” she
says to me, says Ann.



“They’re turned to starin’ stone,” I says,
“that made old Beacon Street,
To eyes an’ nose o’ rich an’ poor, so summerlike
an’ sweet,

When, 'Lecture-day, the governor come forth
to take his chair
Upon the Mall, with boys an' buns, all in the
open air."

"The Common where we children played?"

"In this here latter age,
They've had a gineral land-slide there, an' put
it in a cage."

"But then you saw the Paddock Elms, where
fust we went to walk, —
The day we knew each other's mind, — an'
talked as lovers talk?"

"I saw — some shudderin' to the axe, — the
rest along the ground!
The crowd stood dumb like mournin' men, or
cussed an' swore around."

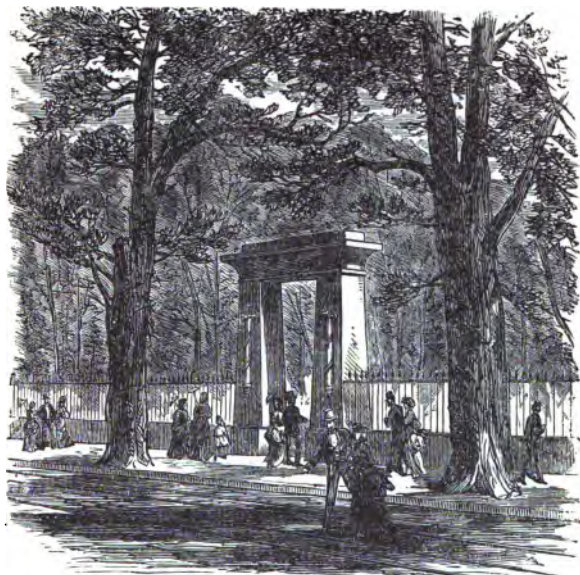
"So 'cussed be he,' — among the Jews you
know the Scriptur's ran, —
"His neighbour's landmark, who removes,"
she says to me, says Ann.

“But then you heared the Sabbath bells, — you
j’ined in praise an’ prayer,
To meetin’, in your father’s pew, in grand old
Brattle Square?”

“There wa’n’t no bells, nor pews, nor folks.
A bare an’ crumblin’ wall
Stan’s gapin’ in the holy place, a-totterin’ to its
fall!”

“The rebels never got so fur to work with
shell an’ shot?”

“The ‘good society’ had sold the old, the
sacred spot.
I hurried off, in hopes to reach your mother’s
own Old South
In time to hear some word o’ grace from out some
pious mouth.
'T was all a swarm o’ clerks an’ mails an’ con-
stables to drag
A Judas out, they jest had caught a-stealin’
from a bag!”



THE PADDOCK ELMS

“The Saviour so the Temple found, defiled
with dross an’ beeves,
An’ said, ‘ My Father’s house of prayer, ye ’ve
made a den of thieves!’”
She stopped, then asked, “My mother’s grave?”

I could n’t bear her face.
I looked away; “Oh, wife,” I says, “I could n’t
find the place!
They’ve pulled the peaceful grave-stones up;
an’ all along the edge
Of a intrudin’ gravel-walk, they’ve set ’em for a
hedge!”

Her head into her wrinkled hands she dropped
as ef in pain,
An’ turned her speech to other things, when
she could speak again:
“How long,” she says, “O Lord, how long?
How long shall men like these
Cut down our people’s character with all their
dear old trees?



BRATTLE SQUARE CHURCH

Are we a tribe of prodigals, — an orphaned
nation, — cast

Away and disinherited forever of the Past?

Two hundred years unto our land, in vain have
come and gone;

'T is bare of tokens of old time as any quarry-stone.

To see the traces of our race, our countrymen
must roam

Beyond the seas; they cannot have antiquities
at home.

The footsteps that the fathers leave, the chil-
dren shuffle out.

What wonder that the Pilgrims' faith gives place
to sneerin' doubt,

Sence reverence, shattered to the heart, shook
with a deadly shock

Before the sacrilegious hand that blasted
Plymouth Rock? —

Would not some loyal two or three, to meet their
Master stay

In houses reared by saints of yore, though
Fashion goes away? —



THE OLD SOUTH

128 *SHE SAYS TO ME, SAYS ANN.*

Still leave, ef only for a sign o' Faith left in the
lurch,

Upon its consecrated ground, each old forsaken
church;

An' let its awful dumbness preach till, where
the town began,

It ends, — in truth an' soberness," — she says
to me, says Ann.

NOTES TO HARVEST-HOME.

	PAGE
<i>POTAGE AUX PANTOUFLES</i>	2
<p>Addressed to a certain good composer, on his sending me some of his music, married to verse of whose immortality I was not fully assured. — So I wrote then. —</p> <p>And now that the interesting musician, accomplished gentleman, and dear and merry old friend is gone, I include the lines in my last volume, believing that he would like to find them there, glad to remember that they amused him, and grieved that we can laugh over them together, in this world, no more.</p>	
A PRUNED BRANCH	23
<p>“He purgeth [<i>i. e.</i> pruneth] it.” The above translation of the word usually rendered “purgeth” is given on the authority of Thayer’s “Lexicon of the Greek New Testament.”</p>	
THE PROCESSION OF THE DAYS	26
<p><i>There waits the coffin.</i></p> <p>“The Day will come and the coffin.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.</p>	

THE LIGHT-HOUSE	PAGE 31
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Thy God and ours be all in all

"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

I CORINTHIANS XV. 24 *et seq.*

DOLORES	38
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"Do not look at life's long sorrow
See how small each moment's pain."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

DREAMING AND WAKING	47
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That long my evening star had been

The lamp of the man she loved "had long been the evening star" of poor Caroline Helstone in "Shirley."

YEARNINGS	75
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As some kind leech will

"John Welsh, my wife's father, [physician and surgeon], riding along one day on his mul-

tifarious business, noticed a poor wounded partridge fluttering and struggling about, wing or leg, or both, broken by some sportsman's lead. He gathered up the poor partridge, looped it gently in his handkerchief, brought it home, and, by careful splint and salve and other treatment, had it soon on wing again, and sent it forth healed."

CARLYLE'S "REMINISCENCES."

THE MOULDER 78

Take thine own way

"Yet take Thy way, for sure Thy way is best."

HERBERT.

A BURNT SACRIFICE 83

See the story of Luther Holbert and his wife, quoted from the "Vicksburg Herald" in the "Springfield Weekly Republican" of March 11th, 1904.

LITTLE PEPITA 86

Little Pepita was shot, to-day

"Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon, a native child, a girl of nine years of age, while running along one of the public streets, was

ordered to halt by a sentinel, and, failing to stop, was shot and killed."

"From the Report of James Ross, 'an American, the civil governor of Ambos Camarinos.'"

"SPRINGFIELD DAILY REPUBLICAN," May
21st, 1902.



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